128-130

Pennsyl-

North

LIST OF DULL BOOKS THAT INCLUDES SOME BY GREAT WRITERS.

Successes of Literary Men in the Dip lomatic Service-Our Native Literature.

Lists of "best books" are common enough But it has been left, says the Kansas City Star, to a correspondent of the Bookman to ask for a list of the ten dullest English novels. It is manifestly impossible to comply with this request, for, as the editor of the Bookman remarks, in order to do so it would be necessary to have read every book in the language. Without this equipthere might not be a more wretched volume than had ever come under his notice. Moreover one is inclined to throw aside a dull book without finishing it-a practice which interferes with the possibility of making fine comparisons in dullness between vol-

The editor of the Bookman, however, obligingly undertakes the task and furnishes a list of the worst ten books in English, confining himself to novels by authors who might have been expected to do better. He pledges his word, too, that he has read them through. His pet aversions are: Thackeray's "Philip," Twain's "Joan of Arc," Kingley's "Alton Locke," Porter's | Marquesas." And so on, and so on. "Scottish Chiefs," Watts-Dunton's "Alwin," Eliot's "Daniel Deronda," Disraeli's "Lothair," Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe," Hawthorne's "Blithedale Romance" and Longfellow's "Hyperion." This is a formidable collection, and one by its very nature difficult to criticise. Probably not one reader in a hundred has read through the Book-

and a difference of opinion as to Bookman's editor will be accused of not having put in those books which he ought to have put in and having left out those books which he ought not to have left out. "Scottish Chiefs," for instance, while not the most thrilling book in the world, has been enjoyed by many boys and girls, and probably still read with pleasure by always excepting the account of the death of the hero, Sir William Wallace, at the end. While "The Blithewould hesitate to single it out as one of the worst ten. It used to be considered the thing for young people to like "Alton Locke," but one who read it under pressure by the family won't quarrel with the Bookman's choice. In his day Disreali's books were considered wonderfully brilliant. But the modern reader in America at least is forced to conclude that much of their charm was due to their adaptation to their times. If he had read "Coningsby" or "Vivian Grey" he will admit the probable claim of "Lothair" to its place in the Bookman's index expurgatorius.

There are certain other books which at least a goodly number of persons would be tempted to include in a list of "worst books." Scott's "Monastery" and "Castle Dangerous' 'are dull collections of words. to "Barnaby Rudge." Meredith's "Beauchemp's Career" is rated high in England, but it is too dependent on British politics of the middle of the century to be anyaverage American. Among the later dull books by authors who should have done better are Hope's "Rupert of Hentzau," Ford's "Janice Meredith" and Kipling's Stalky & Co." There may be duller books than these by writers of ability. At least, there are several hundred better ones,

Literature and Diplomacy.

can be proved by imagining what Amerisuch names as those of Franklin, Irving, Bancroft, Hawthorne, Motley, Bayard Taylor, Donald G. Mitchell, Lowell, How-

The full list of our literary diplomats, lberally so defined, would include Jeffer- the white radiance of her eternal peaks. son, sent to France, as were John Adams and Franklin; the other Adamses, the Livingstons, Joel Barlow, Albert Gallatin, John Jay, John Marshall, Henry Wheaton, John Howard Paine, Nicholas Biddle, Edward Everett, A. H. Everett, W. Beach Laurence, Adam Badeau, George P. Marsh, Sugene Schuyler, W. H. Prescott, J. L. M. Curry, J. Ross Browne, Robert Dale Owen, Albert Rhodes, J. G. Nicolay, S. G. W. Benjamin, S. S. Cox, Rounseville Wildman-among those who have gone. Only apathy. on technical grounds would be excluded from such a category the name of Sum-ner, the traveled and literary statesman, who knew his Europe well, and who, as chairman of the House committee on foreign affairs, helped to shape the diplomacy of the Nation in trying times.

Andrew D. White; John W. Foster, Hannis Taylor, Carl Schurz, Oscar Straus, J. J. Nadal, Hardy, George F Parker, J. A. Hardy, George F. Parker, J. Au-Johnson, J. C. B. Davis, F. W. ward, G. F. Seward, H. Vignaud, S. H. M. lyers, W. L. Alden, W. W. Astor, Penfield, lorton, Tourgee, Bishop, De Kay; Adee, who stands both for perpetuity, knowledge and wit in the Department of State; Hay, one of the most literary as he is one of the most brilliantly successful, of the diplomats of the world

It has been said that the frequent success of literary men in public affairs is natural and to be expected, because their profession trains them to see things as they are, and to state them clearly. At least we know that their proportion of success in diplomacy as well as in other affairs of government, is excellent. Some might say that as the world's business increases diplomacy must more and more depend, in its highest nsibilities, upon special training; and that, on the other hand, as the world's literature increases, an even greater concenupon his special work will be demanded of the writer. Yet a fresh view and a new hand, ideals of a different nature books. At least that seems to be the aim from those of the expert diplomatist, may of the new undertaking known as "Bookat times be vastly useful in the diplomatic feld; while a wider outlook upon the world add both scope and power to the

Wherein Bret Harte Was Master. Prof. A. E. Hancock, in Booklover's Maga-

Bret Harte deserved his great reputation. He was not, in the large sense, an overwhelming genius. He was an artist who, like Cellini or Teniers or Meissonier, wrought exquisitely and perfectly within certain definite bounds. Everybody, even Max Nordau with his pessimistic view of all things modern, will admit that he is an olute master of the short story and that is tales of the mining camps will live as tory of the Golden Gate.

As an artist, within his limitations, he has again and again touched the highest eaches of imaginative creation. It may all be true that his plots are melodramatic. that he cannot develop a character, that he cannot sustain himself for a long coninuous effort; but, in spite of these things, ne does see life in the broad wholeness of its double aspect. The profoundest creators are all face to face with the fact that life is a riddle-a paradox of humor and pathos. Only a shift in the point of view is needed to change the smiles into tears. He, therefore, is the greatest master of the mystery of human nature who can see his characters in that puzzling complexity which calls at once for merriment and infinite pity. Shakspeare had when he sent his "Don Quixote"-the buffoon and the hero in one-off on his ludicrous quest. And Bret Harte, in his minor way, had the same feeling that it was only the standpoint which made life divertingly comic or pitiably tragic. The instances of this are almost as numerous as his stories. So, we may say that while Bret Harte occupies a unique position as the imagina-tive historian of the Argonauts and the

days of '49 in California, his greatest merit as a humanist is his preception and revela-tion of the dual significance of life.

Stevenson Without End.

New York Tribune. It is coming at last, the book which any one might have prophesied. It is to be periodicals, and in books by writers of eminence not entirely devoted to Stevenson." We suppose it foreshadows another volume drawn from the writers who have written about the writers who have written people who will be made happy by this compilation. One English journalist has taken the trouble to reckon up the quotations and allusions of his contemporaries in a single week, and he has found that they have all gone to Stevenson for their pregnant and felicitous sentences." adds that "it is a case of Stevenson first bad second, and Shakspeare is only quoted three times." Assuredly there is no danger of our being allowed to forget him. A such knowledge of related subjects and of Scotch sheriff has just published an article on Stevenson as an advocate. He remembers that when warned against allowing his practice to injure his health Stevenson reolied: "Man, I got a guinea last week; wait till you, an idle dog like you, see what I'll do, now I've tasted blood." The anecdote will, of course, be cherished in ten million hearts. Mr. Sidney Colvin, it appears, has been engaged to marry Miss Sitwell, to whom many of Stevenson's letters were ad-

Is Our Literature Worthy of Us?

Harper's Weekly. Just as a man has precisely the friends that he deserves, a nation undoubtedly possesses the literature that it is fairly entitled to. The ordinary American will not take

terest for Stevensonians!" The letters writ-

ten by Stevenson's mother to her sister.

when she was cruising with her son among

the islands of the Pacific, are to be pub-

much interest in the discussion in the literary journals of the question whether the of the worst books, nobody with any liter- present literary output of the United States ary pretensions would dare to confess to is unworthy of the country, and whether being so unenlightened as not to have read | the public taste is degenerating. The tree Few persons, however, can have escaped | may be blighted and rotten, and though the coming upon certain of the novels men- crop occasionally is very light, there is their relative demerits is natural. The ished, and well-pedigreed tree will turn out its due proportion of good fruit in the is to let it go on producing the kind of fruit that it was designed by nature to bear, As to our American literature, there has been rather too much of the endeavor to other impossible old world fruits upon it. order that the stock shall support and nourish it it is necessary that the scion shall be skin to the tree, after all. Exotic and alien branches will only wither away, no matter how smoothly they are waxed to our tree. Also the tree must get its growth before it can realize its possibilities. Our greatest present real trouble is that the gatherers of our national literary fruit are so numerous and so zealous that they pick far too much

The Riches of Western Material. Herbert Bashford, in July Atlantic.

The West is rich in literary material. There are mountain ranges comparatively unexplored, which aboriginal tradition veils in haunting mystery. The struggles, trials, Scott's "Monastery" and "Castle and heroism of the early pioneers have dramatic strength and picturesqueness is contained in this old-time life of the border! And there exists to-day throughout the length and breadth of the Pacific coast comprehended by those who have known of the region. As the lands of the olive the history of old world letters, it is not unreasonable to expect that California, with its tropical sun and gorgeous coloring, will add luster to the literature of America. Perhaps I have dwelt too strongerary growth, but vast forests, icy mountains, sombre canyons and beetling cliffs must stimulate the imaginative powers and complished thus far by the writers mentioned at least offers glorious promise future achievement-of work, if I may be so bold as to prophesy, that shall draw its freshness and color from California's sunclad hills, and its strength and beauty from

Writer's Thought Cramp.

Sewell Ford, in the Reader for July. If the fiction writer has his delicious moments, when he tastes the joys which positions-and these he undoubtedly hasalso he knows distressing periods of mental

He has been working away at top speed,

It is just a ceasing. Abruptly, unexpectedly, all his fine thoughts vanish. No longer is life a country of majestic, white-robed heights and alluring purple-toned valleys. All is flat and gray and bleak. Just about now, if the writer only knew it, is a most excellent time to go fishing. At last, baffled, discouraged, heartsick, he sits with his head in his hands, contemplating with foolish, self-pity the melan-

choly spectacle of himself. But, like drought and flood, war and pestilence and all other ills great and small. it passes. And he knows not how or when goes. Days after he wakes up to find himself, pen in hand, hard at work again. Of its own accord, apparently, the machine has set itself in motion.

Unusual Thing.

W. L. Alden's letter. We are to have book shops kept by men who know about books, and who like to have other men come in and talk about of the new undertaking known as "Bookshops, Limited." The complaint of the ad-

vocates of this scheme is that the average

is not an interesting companion. Bookshops, we are told, ought to be kept by men of culture and such shops ought to afford a meeting place for book lovers. The idea is not a bad one, but it might be also adapted to the second hand bookstalls which are still to be found in certain streets. If kept by intelligent book lovers, these stalls might once more become what where old gentlemen in spectacles pored the compiler has been delving "only in the them of their handkerchiefs and purses. forgotten pages of English and American | Alas! the modern second hand bookstall about books than that, other things being equal, a heavy book ought to be priced higher than a light book. I am afraid that 'Bookshops, Limited," is an attempt to take the retail book trade back to the days of about Stevenson. But apparently there are in the eyes of those who love everything strike the fancy of the public.

What a True Scholar Is.

David Starr Jordan, in July Atlantic. their best. The scholar knows some one thing thoroughly, and can carry his knowledge into action. With this, he must have human life as will throw this special knowledge into proper perspective. Anything less knowledge and no perspective is a crank, a disturber of the peace, who needs a guardian to make his knowledge useful. The man ress. There may be a wisdom not of books, gain wisdom or skill, in school or out, is education. To do anything well requires special knowledge, and this is scholarship whether attained in the university or in the school of life. It is the man who knows lished in a book called "From Saranac to | that has the right to speak.

Priests of the Pen.

Writing by day and by night-time, Thinking, and still to think; Labor and love, and labor-There is blood in the drops of ink. -William J. Lampton in the Reader.

Literary Notes.

Mr. Howells has left New York city for his summer home at Kitty Point, Me., where he will remain until late in the fall. He is at present engaged upon a new book. Prof. George P. Garrison brings out the them all. But under the circumstances it is bears just such fruit as its seed, the soil interesting fact in his history of Texas, possible to plead ignorance with cheerfulin which it grows, the winds, the rains, just published, that the first official name
ness, for it is no disgrace to have failed to tion for duli- and the birds and insects make it bear or for the region which now comprises the

Many modern men of letters are interested George Meredith used to insist upon the necessity for physical exercise, but the cause of one of his breakdowns in health is tion to Indian clubs.

Anthony Hope Hawkins, the English author known as Anthony Hope, is to be mardon, of New York. It is said Miss Sheldon is a counterpart of Dolly of the "Dolly Dia-logues," and that Mr. Hawkins became acquainted with her some time after those delightful sketches were written.

Mr. George Meredith, the eminent novelversation with a friend, Mr. Meredith was person who had lately settled in the neighborhood. "He seems to me," replied the author of "Diana of the Crossways," "to be on sex topics, and there is a secretary, one of the least of God's mercies.'

The Tribune says: There is one woman poet in New York who will read proof carefully until the edge of a recent error wears off. She spent two days on a touching poem, the pivotal line of which read:

"My soul is a lighthouse keeper." When the printer finished with it the line

"My soul is a light housekeeper." Ibsen has given up reading newspapers or books; he writes no letters, and does no literary work. He seldom sees any one except his servant and masseur. He never press upon the future literary production canes. Five years ago he was still quite active, and as regular as Kant in his habits. Every day he took the same walk, stopped before the clock on the university Tacoma. When the colony failed and broke building to regulate his watch, and then

read newspapers in the Grand Cafe. The latest yarn about a bookseller with vising a purchaser as to some new novels, shook his head over Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "Richard Yea-and-Nay," saying, "If for family reading it might be as well to leave think it a risk to allow young ladies to go into the Middle Ages. Of course, they pick up a lot of free and easy history, but is it Ainsworth it is all safe facts and dates."

The Age We Live In.

John G. Whittier. Published for the first time in The Outlook of April 4, 1903. his pen weaves in the warp and woof of is tolerant as regards creed and dogma, acres, since if one acre carefully managed and practically recognizing the brother- would suffice, two would provide an affluhood of the race; it is quick and generous | ence. f the Nation in trying times.

In our day John Bigelow and Whitelaw gods. His hopes ride high. His ambitions a cry of suffering is heard. It cannot look culation. According to the census of 1900

> before the law. Our criminal codes no longer embody the maxim of "an eye for an eye and a tooth the safety of the community, but also to the well-being of the criminal. All the more for this amiable tenderness do we justice. All the more for the sweet humanities and Christian liberalism which are drawing men nearer to each other and in- and climate are so variable. creasing the sum of social influence, we need the bracing atmosphere of the old moralities.

listen to the persuasions of the Beatitudes; but there are crises in all lives which require the emphatic "Thou shalt not" of the Decalogue.

A Song.

Last night I met my own true love Walking in Paradise; A halo shone above his hair, A glory in his eyes.

We sat and sarg in alleys green, And heard the angels play; Believe me, this was true last night. Though it is false to-day. -Mary A. F. Robinson.



ILL TREATED. The Congressman-Ever since I got Smith a government position a few years ago, he hasn't spoken to me. The Senator-Great ingratitude.

The Congressman-No; he was dead sore. A good salary went with the job, but he had to work.

COMMUNITY IN WASHINGTON

The Colonists Did Not Get Their No tions from Books, but Worked Them Out Themselves.

The word "anarchist" is altogether too vague to mean anything except that the discontent with the prevailing order of things. It covers the chronic kicker, the philosophic dreamer, the assassin and the nonresistant. We might well discard a word which includes equally a Tolstoi and a Czolgosz; one who overthrows the will of the majority by his own act and one who objects to having his own acts controlled in any way by the will of the majority. Sorevolutionist who uses force or advocates it, but it is rarely necessary to interfere with those who wish to try for themselves a new ment may seem to the rest of the people. as the virulent forms, and are, therefore, experiments, whether we believe in them or not, for two reasons: One, that we all know that society is very imperfect, and some one of the numerous changes suggested, or, to put it more accurately, demanded, may be an improvement; and, second, that if the particular idea in question is bad, nothing will prove it so certainly as a few years in a community organized on the plan advomakes himself a nuisance by standing off and scolding about those forms of our civi-

tinction from the socialistic ideal. It is the public as a somewhat mystical writer but they have no power except to keep track of the selection of lands. The regu-lations of the Mutual Home Association

morals, and none of the married couples have shown a disposition to part company are as brief as possible, and can be changed in favor of other partners. only by unanimous vote, a provision which On the whole the colony makes a very identical with the liberum veto of the Russian mir and other primitive village writers, it is surprising to learn that the

selves, and, indeed, did not know they were anarchists until they were told so by out-HOW IT ORIGINATED. The founding of the colony was in this way. O. A. Verity, L. F. Odell and George Allen and their wives were members of a socialist colony located at Glennis, near

up in the fall of 1869 these men found themselves stranded and bankrupt. Allen was a graduate of Toronto University, class of '85, and he secured a school, and with his first month's salary, \$20, he helped his friends to move their household goods to Joes Bay, a beautiful and sheltered cove on Puget sound, some twenty miles from Tacoma. They bought, on time, of course, some uncleared land and built a house. In the spring Mr. Allen and his family joined English history? Now, with Harrison them, and, being a carpenter, he helped them build Welcome Cottage. They tried to devise a plan which would avoid the errors of the Glennis project, and made up their minds that the use of land should be the only true title, and if each individual had enough land to support him and no more other things might be left to take fact that the world is growing better. It is care of themselves. To determine how sweeter, tenderer; there is more love in it. | much land each should have they took A worthy deacon of the old time in New from the United States agricultural report England once described a brother in the the acres of land actually cultivated, dichurch as a very pious man Godward, but | vided it by the population, and finding that a rather hard one manward. It cannot be under the present wasteful methods there denied that very satisfactory steps in the was needed only about an acre and threelatter direction had been taken in the cen- quarters per capita, they decided to make tury now drawing to its close. Our age the maximum holding in the colony two

on poverty or pain without seeking to di- the number of acres of improved (once Then something happens. It is not a minish their evil. It has abolished slavery; plowed and still used) land is a little over snap, a break, a crash-nothing so tangible. it is lifting woman to an equality with man five per capita, and while we might subtract from this the land devoted to raising grain for export, we must add something for food supplies in the form of meat supfor a tooth," but have regard not only to plied from the pasture and wild land. Kropotkin, the prince of Anarchists, considers one acre for each individual a suitable allowance under present methods of cultivaneed the counterpoise of a strong sense of tion on the plans laid down in his "Fields, Factories and Workshops." Obviously no general rule can be prescribed, since soil

> Any person can join the colony by paying the original cost of the land and keeping up the State and county taxes. If he falls It is well for us that we have learned to in this the land reverts to the company. Any improvements a man may make are his own and may be sold or mortgaged. There are now 110 people in the colony and thirty houses have been built of all kinds; one of concrete, several of two stories. nicely painted and superior to the average home of the pioneer on the sound. Mr. Allen, who started three years ago with only \$50 and his garden of less than one acre. and has never charged more than 15 cents an hour for his services as a carpenter, now has a very comfortable house. Considering the conventional idea of Anarchists, it may be worth while to mention that it contains a bathroom, with hot and cold water, a piano and a plentiful supply of books, pictures and flowers. James Morton, a Harvard man of the class of '92, belongs to the Phi Beta Kappa, and at the alumni banquet was at the end of the procession of key holders, at the head of which was his grandfather. Rev. S. F. Smith, the author of our national hymn, "America." Mr. Morton has been about two years with the colony and was editor of their paper, Discon-tent, until this publication was suspended for lack of support. One of the young men. Jack Adams, is by profession an electrical

engineer.

LIVE ON VEGETABLES Most of the colonists are vegetarians from the belief that it is wrong to kill for personal gratification of appetite. The ducks know it, for the cove is filled with them, floating within easy gunshot of the shore. Although they are such a mixed group of people and of widely varying culture and education, there are no users of intoxicants, and there is not a drink of liquor to be had on the bay. Although many of them used tobacco before coming only two or three do so now, not because anyone protests against it, but because they do not wish to do anything to discom-

fort their fellows. Liberty Hall, which serves as schoolhouse and social rendezvous for the community, was built entirely by voluntary contributions of labor and materials. All share equally in its privileges, although they did not help equally in its erection. Each man works when and at whatever he wills, either for himself or for others. Literary and musical entertainments and dances are held frequently in Liberty Hall and it is open to any man to teach any doctrine. They only ask that, having heard him courteously, he allows any one courteously to reply. A Lutheran minis-ter visits them at intervals and apostles of spiritualism, faith cure and even Koreshanity have been given a hearing. The

PERIMENTS WITH AN IDEA.

person is one possessed of an indefinite ciety must always protect itself against the form of society, however unwise the experi-Repression is only justified when the social pathologist proves that the milder forms of anarchy are really due to the same germ dangerously contagious to susceptible and weak-minded persons. We ought then to afford every possible facility for sociological cated. Nowadays if a socialistic friend

nearly all, believe in non-resistance, and when after the assassination of President name anarchy, was organized in Tacome to "clean out the hell hole on the sound," lization which we think are pretty good and which we are trying to make better, we can simply tell him to "go to Burley." vite them to their homes, and then, if they among us. So, too, if any Anarchist is supposed to have been a too earnest devo- him to take up his residence in Home, a little further, it would have worked out as beautifully as Tolstoi describes it in his Wash., where he can do anything he wants to, except own more than two acres of land. The study of the actual history of radical communities in America, as given in utopias depicted by Plato, Fourier, Morris and Bellamy. An ounce of experiment is theory of individual liberty, limited only worth a pound of theory in sociology, as by the desire not to injure one's neighbors, it is in the other sciences. The colony at is not suited for general adoption until a Home is of especial interest because it is

higher development of personal morality apparently the only community now in ex- | and self-control is attained, but they hope asked his opinion of a certain obnoxious but a land company. There is a presi- of happiness and prosperity. As they are dent, Mrs. Lois Waisbrooker, known to opposed to law and force of all kinds, they are, of course, believers in the theory of free love. Yet this is said not to have resulted so far in any lewdness or laxity of original incorporators did not get their ideas from books, but worked them out for them-

good impression on the visitor on account of the neatness and thrift apparent in the communities. Since in this, as in many other peculiarities, the colonists follow close-ly the lines recommended by anarchistic THEIR PRIVATE PAPERS.

Kings and Queens Get Their News in an Abridged Form.

Besides the Behning, we

have Chickering, Vose,

Jewett, Fischer, Cam-

position, clerk of the schools. They all, or

eron, Braumuller,

Wulschner, Stew-

art, Stodart

and others.

Indiana's

Largest

Music

House.

Kings and Queens have of course, their preferences in the way of newspapers just like any other individuals. But as the monarchs of modern civilized countries are among the busiest people on earth it is but seldom that any of them can ever afford the time to sit down and comfortably peruse the columns of any journal.

It is the present emperor of Austria who may be said to be responsible for the method by which most European monarchs absorb the news of the day. Rather more than thirty years ago he gave orders that a private newspaper should be supplied to

This journal is made up of extracts from all the leading morning journals of Austria. Each important article is carefully condensed by a competent writer, and the which are slipped into a binding cover and laid upon his Majesty's breakfast table. The Emperor has given the strictest directions that nothing which concerns him personally, whether disagreeable or otherwise, shall be omitted, and it is said that he occasionally orders in a bundle of fresh newspapers in order to be sure that his orders are not disobeyed. In a more or less modified form this is

the way in which nearly all reigning royalties read the news. The German Kaiser, officer with a staff under him whose sole day. may interest the royal eve and submit them neatly pasted up in a scrap book each morning. These books are kept and filed away, and should eventually prove a valuable record of the history of a stirring

In June last the Czar created something like consternation in official circles by calling together to a conference two hundred of the most educated men in Russia. This act was the outcome of his Majesty's thirst for news. Up to quite recently Russian rulers had been content to receive their news second-hand through official channels. Naturally, criticisms and other possibly unpleasant articles have been conspicuous by their absence. But such a mode of procedure failed to satisfy the present Czar. A year or two ago he privately ordered to be sent to him copies of Russian papers representing every shade of opinion. He even included Anarchist journals, such as the "Kolokol" (or the "Bell"), which is published in Geneva by a man named Grekoff. sorbed, and extracts were entered in his

One result of this proceeding has already



HIS CELEBRATED INSTRUMENT is an artis-

and discriminating public. It is made by the highest skilled

labor in America and bears the mark of quality in every

particular. By taking advantage of our payment plan, you

may own one of these pianos "of which we carry a full

line," without an effort.

tic product, which has been acclaimed by many

of the most eminent pianists and the cultivated

Once More

I wish to call your attention to the make-up of this little Phaeton which I am showing under the Old Pear Trees at 308 East Ohio Street.

FIRST.—The leather in the top is a fine, long grained, hand-buffed stock, the cloth is a bronze green in color, the body painted Brewster green and black; the gears are a lighter green than body, making in all a beautiful combination. The seat measures 36 inches in width on top of cushion. The weight is 150 to 250 lbs. lighter than the ordinary Phaeton. I call it a beauty, in fact, it is the finest job ! have handled in the last 25 years I have been in the carriage business in Indianapolis, and in this time I have built and handled some good ones.

Under these same old Pear Trees at 308 East Ohio Street

I am showing a number of stylish Runabouts, Stanhopes, Surreys and Station Wagons from good makers at reasonable prices.

A. J. JOHR, Agent

otent that even the nominally all-powerful of the Belgians, on the other hand, reads Czar cannot single-handed carry out the reforms he is known to favor. The most literary monarch in Europe is that may bear upon the stock markets of the world.

of Italy. He knows English, French and German equally as well as his native language, and has even a reading acquaintance with that very difficult language, Russian. He spends at least three hours every day in his study, busy with current literature of every kind. He is said to prefer the monthly reviews to daily journals; but, however this may be, it is quite certain that no monarch alive keeps himself more one of the busiest men alive, has a court | thoroughly posted in all questions of the

He has more than once astonished English visitors by his intimate acquaintance with the intricacies of their party politics and social questions, in which he is better read than many members of the British Parliament.

King Oscar of Sweden is another King who may be classed among the best-read of royalties. He always finds time to read the papers of his own kingdom without resorting to the help of others, but for those of other countries he relies mainly on clippings. Not only does he read the papers. but there are three Stockholm journals which number the King among their contributors. He writes, of course, under a nom de plume, but his articles are ex-tremely able and well worthy of so talented

Newspaper clipping bureaus, of which there are said to be over 400 now in existence, employing thousands of people, find many patrons among royalty. His Majesty King Edward VII is said to subscribe to two and to receive from them Everything which bore upon Russian social some hundreds of cuttings weekly. But questions of the day the Czar eagerly ab- | the King, like any other English gentleman, is also known to read his papers first hand. King Christian of Denmark adopts the plan of reading a different paper each day been mentioned. Other things may happen of the week. Thus, he says, he gets at before long, but it must be remembered everybody's ideas. Certainly no monarch is that the official ring on Russia is so omni- better in touch with his people. The King

clippings. Being so clever a financier as is, he is particularly interested in all

A YIDDISH SHYLOCK.

A New York Jew Takes the Famous Part with Success.

New York Evening Post. The Yiddish-speaking and admirably made-up Shylock who came forth last night at the American Theater, Jacob P. Adler, an actor who has long been acclaimed by not the superior of Salvini or Edwin Booth, was an extraordinarily picturesque figure, a Jew whose subtle suggestion of venomous craft at once captured the audience. The notion had obtained ground somehow or other among English-speaking playgoers that Mr. Adler's Shylock was an overstrenuous person, whose explosions of rage shook the stage, who tore passion to tatters and made his points by exaggerating to grotesqueness all the traditional business of the part. Nothing can be further from the truth. From beginning to end the part is played without rant or exaggeration. There is no attempt to make points with the gallery, no shouting or screaming, no insistence upon the melodramatic possibilities of the trial scene. It is a dignified and competent piece of work that will interest even those who know what our best actors have made of Shylock. If not greater acting, it offers perhaps more of the real Jew than greater actors have given us, for it is the work of a

man who has had the racial type always before him. Compared with Shylock as portrayed by our most noted actors in the last thirty years, Mr. Adler's presentation suggests less ferocity and more of the rat in a corner, more of the mock humility and less of the savage passion that breaks through the veneer of the habitual abasement. Only in the final scene, when the last blow has fallen and his cup of woe is full, does this Shylock allow his rage to find vent and his contempt for court and judges to show forth. He differs widely here from the interpretation which shows Shylock staggering from the courtroom a crushed and somewhat pathetic figure. Mr. Adler drops the mask of humility when all is lost, and after a long defiant stare of hatred upon court and spectators he stalks out. At all other times he is more the whipped jackal than the wolf to which Gratiano likens him. It is a sober performance throughout, neither demonic nor heroic, but certainly

Mr. Adler is a man of good presence and perfectly at home upon the stage. The Yiddish dialect he uses is so near the German that any one acquainted with that tongue need not lose a word, even in a less familiar part. The supporting company last night played in English, but seemed to feel that their efforts were not of much account-which was true. The audience came solely to see Shylock and had small patience with anybody else.

How the Mine Was Named.

Lippincott's Magazine. Up in the Black Hills of South Dakota is a mine with a peculiar name. This is the way it came to be christened: A prospector and his wife were one day strolling over the hills on a little excursion. In stepping from one rock to another the man chanced to dislodge a bit of stone. As he picked up the chipped rock to toss it away his eye fell on a little thread of yellow. It was gold. When the mine had been staked out and the claim filed at the land office the question of a name was raised. His wife asked him to call it after her.

say; the mine shall be named in your

And from that day to this one of the richest gold mines in the middle West goes by the endearing name of "Holy Terror."

The man smiled sweetly. It is just as you



HE MOVED CLOSER. Mr. Shyboy-This time to-morrow I expect to be far away. Miss Flirty-Not much farther than you are now, I hope.